

Daisy Tripping, Brown-Eyed Pickle Boy

There is a place where time stands still
Where evil flies but is never willed
Where souls are searched one by one
And voices ring out for the day has begun

You can hear them sing
You can feel them sing
You can be them sing

We are the brown-eyed pickle boys
Searching for truth and freedom
We are the brown-eyed pickle boys
roaming the world we see
We'll roam around touch the ground
Don't wipe it away
Take what you need but not in a foolish way
Take what you need but not in a selfish way

There is a pool
A dent in the earth
Where water stands
from the clouds that burst
They cool themselves from the aim of the sun
Where voices scream out for the passion of fun

You can hear them sing
You can feel them sing
You can be them sing

It's all so clear, It's far from me now
This vision of hope This vision of sound
Where man is kind and cares for the earth
Where voices cry out for the plea of self worth